

THE BASKET.

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HADDONFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1888.

No. 30.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

By Elaine Goodale.

Burn, Christmas lights, burn chaste and clear,
Blaze out against the stormy sky
From windows warm with Christmas cheer,
And rosy tapers flaming high.
All sparkling, glowing greetings send
From lip of love and heart of friend,
And bear to those who grieve alone
Glad tidings; send to every one.

Ring, Christmas bells; peel loud and deep;
Ring out a merry Christmas chime,
Till wearied eyes forbear to weep,
And hard hearts glow with love Divine.
In rippling music die away
With ringing laughter glad and gay,
Till rich and full the dark night swells
With Christmas lights and Christmas bells.

A brother of Horace Greeley, of New York journalistic fame, is said to be still living a few miles from Corry, Pa., and occupies an old-fashioned weather beaten frame house; is 80 years old; has lived on the farm for about 60 years, and is still hale and hearty, and good natured. He is a bachelor and leads a lonely life, his company consisting mostly of his poultry and pigs. Horace tried to "make something" of him by bringing him to New York, and installing him as a traveling agent; then subsequently gave him a place on his editorial staff, and offered him various other positions. But he was not happy, and went back to his farm, a disappointed man, saying, "I wasn't fit to fill any place I would accept; so I came home. I preferred to be a king among hogs than a hog among kings!" He is said to be a strong Prohibitionist, and yet he once "filled up" with whiskey to cure a felon! and was put to bed unconscious, and the next day thought he was going to "turn up his toes." But the felon was cured, he says, "and if I ever have another, I'll do the same thing over again, if I have to drink a barrel!" [Curious remedy for a felon. We hope there'll be no serious outbreak of the disease.]

Two young people of Rowletts, Ky., were engaged to be married, and were out walking when he asked her to name the day for their wedding. She replied, When you take your last drink of liquor. He then said he had done so, and drawing a revolver sent a bullet crashing into his brain. She fell in a swoon, and when she revived, her reason was gone. If she ever recovers, of which there seemed to be some doubt, she may be thankful for her escape, for if his love of rum was stronger than love for her, what would the end be if she had married him?

There has been some dissatisfaction expressed in some quarters because of the "gobbling up" of so many of our wealthy and handsome American girls by impecunious, but aristocratic and titled foreigners.

OLD MAIDS.—A thoughtful writer calls attention to the growing willingness of women to go through life unmarried. Once it was considered a bad thing to be an old maid, and light-minded people made fun of them. Now it is different. Some of the brightest and prettiest women become so much interested in the serious work of life that they regard husbands as altogether unnecessary inconveniences. They are satisfied [are they?—Ed. B.] with the state of single blessedness, and appear to be just as happy and useful as their married sisters. It is all right. If a woman remains single it is her own affair, and outsiders need not concern themselves about it. As a rule, an old maid is an intellectual and interesting woman.

Atlanta Constitution.

A man, a German, had an ailment, and the doctor, in prescribing for him, among other things, told him to take a walk on an empty stomach. But not understanding this part of the direction, he got no better from taking the medicine. The next time the doctor called, he found his patient in a high temper. "I was so sick ash ever all night. Now, doctor, I don't vant no tara vooishness mit me; I tell you dot right away," said he. "But I am not fooling you," replied the doctor. "Have you not taken the medicine?" "Yes, but it vas no petter ash vater." "But have you taken a walk on an empty stomach, as I told you?" "There, by tam," exclaimed the irate Dutchman, "there ish vere ter foolins comes in. Whose sthomach must I walk on?"

A good white cement for broken china is a very thick solution of gum arabic, dissolved in water, stirred in with plaster of Paris until the mixture becomes a sticky paste. Apply with a brush to the broken edges, stick them together, and in three days the article cannot be broken in the same place. So said.

One Scotchman complained to another that he had got a ringing in his head. "Do you ken the reason o' that?" asked his crony. "No," said he. "I'll tell you," said the other; "it's because it's empty." "And ha'e ye never a ringing in your head?" quoth the other. "No, never." "And do ye ken the reason? I'll tell you. Because it's cracked."

Mary E. Tyler (nee Sawyer,) who became historic, together with her little lamb, and who is still living at Somerville, Mass., at the age of 82 years, has furnished "American Notes and Queries" with an authentic account of how the familiar verses came to be written.

The Prince of Wales is reported to have had his nervous system so much shattered by excessive smoking that he is no longer a good marksman.

A woman, 28 years old, in Chicago, has become crazy from smoking cigarettes, and sent to an asylum—a Mrs. Walters; and the doctors think she will never recover.

And now it seems the Pope has got journalism on the brain, and is said to be about starting a penny paper.

INK. It is a pleasure to have a nice, good, black ink to write with, with any kind of pen.

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HADDONFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 21, 1888.

The following may not be considered as a very high class of poetry, but as it came to us for the 'Basket,' and its sentiments suitable to the season, we give it a place.

CHRISTMAS is near,
The time for good cheer,
For friend to meet friend,
And kind words extend;

A time to "make up,"
If cross we have been,
With each other sup,
And no more to sin;

To bury the hate net,
And pleasantly meet
Any foes we may have,
And kindly them greet;

A time to show kindness
To friend and to foe,
As Jesus, the Saviour,
Did, long time ago.

Still He gives blessings
Without any restraint—
Gives them most freely
To sinner and saint.

A time to make happy
The grateful receiver
Of tokens of kindness
As well as the giver.

Christmas is a season when most people try to be happy, and greet each other pleasantly—especially is it a joyous time to the younger people and children. Yet, perhaps, most of those who observe it really give but little thought as to the cause of this general rejoicing, and that its ostensible design is to commemorate the birth of Him who came to bring "good tidings" to earth, and good will and peace to mankind.

It is a time also when there is a disposition to be a little extravagant in making and receiving presents. One presents something fine and costly to a friend, then this friend feels under obligation to return the favor at a cost, perhaps, that is burdensome. The most judicious way, we think, is simply to give some little token of remembrance, which, in most cases, would be more satisfactory than any thing of a more expensive nature. But, of course, where means are abundant, this restriction need not apply. In some cases, at this season, a very acceptable and useful present may be made by the more wealthy to assist the receiver, who may need it, but would be unable to obtain it for want of means.

We have received the first annual Report of the Haddon Athenaeum and Free Reading Room Association, by which it appears that there are about 550 volumes in the Library. A catalogue of the books accompanies the report. The receipts were \$476 72, and the expenditures \$467 72. Besides the Library of books, quite a large number of the popular magazines and newspapers are on the tables for the use of members and visitors. A person may become a member by paying \$2 initiation fee and annual dues of \$1, or a subscriber by the payment of \$1 a year. \$10 constitutes a life member.

Cantata.—Under this head (which is explained to mean a poem set to music,) there will be given an entertainment in the Methodist church on Wednesday evening, Dec. 26, consisting of singing, recitations, etc., whilst waiting for the coming of Santa Claus, and also after his arrival. It will, no doubt, be very enjoyable. Price of admission 25 cents. Proceeds for a new organ for the Sunday School and Song Service.

The Baptist Sunday School is to have a Christmas celebration on Saturday evening, Dec. 29th.

The Haddonfield Public School held a Fair in Armory Hall four evenings of last week, closing up on Saturday evening with a public sale of articles not otherwise disposed of. There were numerous specimens of writing, drawings, models in clay, etc., by the scholars—some of which showed much ingenuity. There were several tables with fancy articles made and contributed mostly by the children: also, tables for cakes, confectionery, ice cream, etc. It was well patronized, and realized about \$175, to go towards the purchase of a piano, for the use of the school. Mr. Vanness, the Principal, seems to take a deep interest in the culture of the scholars.

Written for the Basket.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union is still pressing on its way. "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge." We meet every Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in Wilkins' Hall, on Main st., and never meet without a blessing. Every new face encourages the veterans. Let the young ladies come in with all the charms attendant upon consecrated youth, and they will be blessed and be a blessing. Some of these connected with us are doing nobly in the Mission Band. I do not know where I was so blessed as in going in there on Saturday last. It is held at the Baptist Chapel rooms. Come and see. Also, the Temp'nice Band of Hope, on the alternate Saturdays, at the same places. Let all the boys and girls be sure to be there. It is a grand work in our town.
Haddonfield, N. J., Dec., '88. E. S. W.

Before another "Basket" is issued, Christmas and New Year's day will have come and gone, and so now we wish all our subscribers, and everybody else who believe themselves and do right, a joyous Christmas and a happy New Year, and all the year.

The Haddonfield Baptist S. S. scholars have voted the money usually set apart for providing a Christmas festival for them, to be used in giving an entertainment and treat for the Camden Home for Friendless Children.

Among the patents granted to residents of New Jersey, recently, we notice one to W. R. Myers, of Haddonfield, for a fire-kindler. He should adv. it in the Basket.

Wm. S. Capern, contractor and builder, of Haddonfield, sends out a large card, with a beautiful wreath of flowers, in the centre of which is a Calendar for 1889.

The Thomas W. Price Co., cards, paper and envelopes, Philadelphia, also sends a nice card with Calendar.

An Esquimaux woman lectured at the Baptist Church on Saturday evening last. Proceeds for a Mission fund.

The branch of Friends called Hicksites, held their Quarterly Meeting in Haddonfield last Thursday week.

President Harrison elect, it is said, will make no promises as to whom he will put in office. The interviewers don't have much success with him, and he is reported to have said of himself that he had "big ears and a little mouth," and so judiciously talks sparingly.

That was a terrible affair in Birmingham, Ala. where the sheriff ordered his assistants to fire upon a mob that was threatening to break into the jail; but he was put there to maintain the laws, and what else could he do? A number of men were killed, and more wounded.

A clerk in the Washington City post office has been arrested for opening letters, and "attributes his downfall to dancing;" whilst another man who had been arrested for obtaining goods on false pretences, swore he had lost his property at "playing poker." Cards?

Heap on more wood, the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will;
We'll keep the merry Christmas still.